

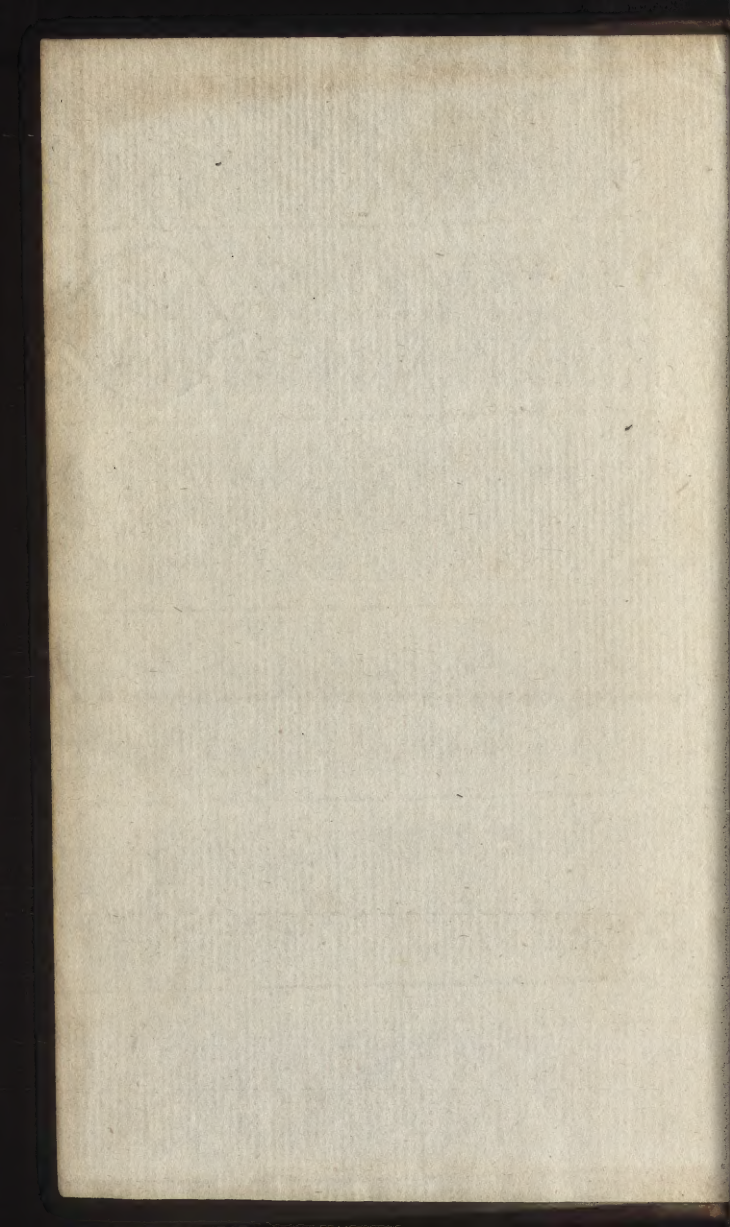




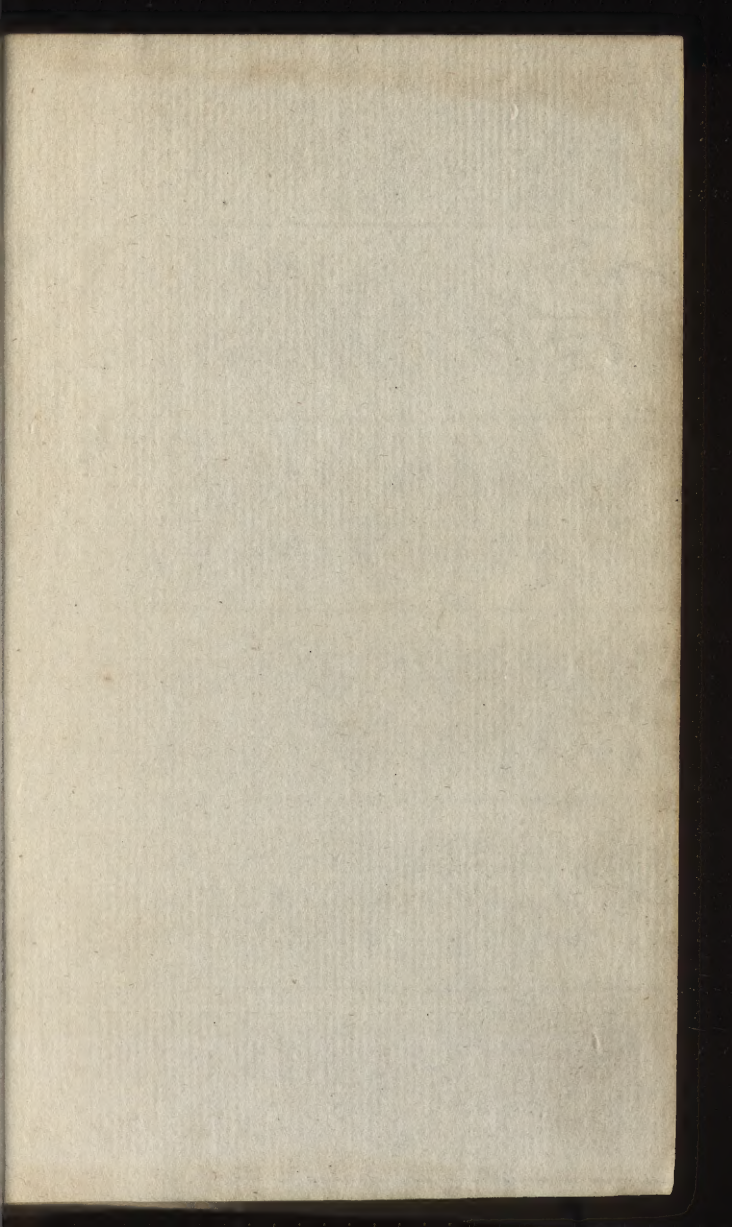
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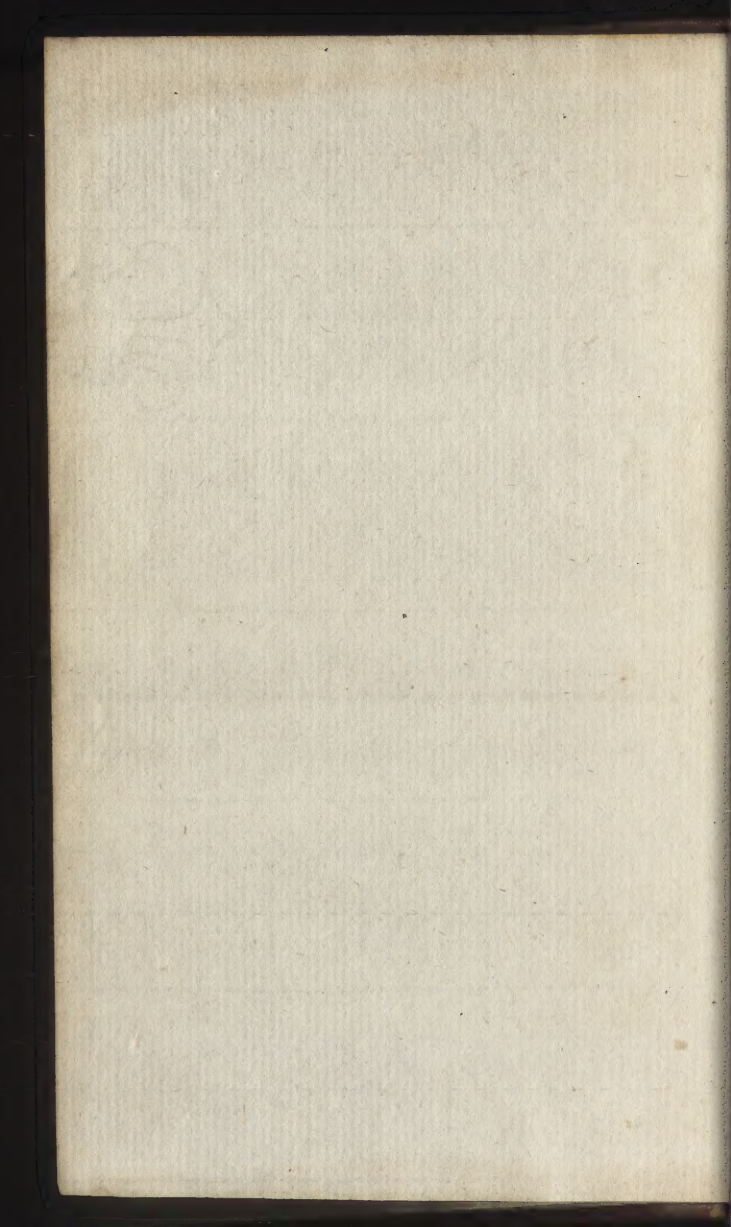
*Ulrich Middeldorf*

C126









THE  
P L E A S U R E S  
O F  
M E M O R Y,  
&c.

THE  
PILGRIM  
OF  
MEMOIR

By



T H E  
P L E A S U R E S  
O F  
M E M O R Y.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

WITH SOME OTHER

P O E M S.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND; AND  
C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

MDCCXCIII.

THE

PLEASURES

MEMOIR

THE LIFETIME

WITH SOME OTHER

POEMS

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CROFT, IN THE STRAND; AND  
C. MILLER, AT THE BELL.

MDCCLXXII.

O H could my Mind, unfolded in my page,  
Enlighten climes and mould a future age!  
There as it glow'd, with noblest frenzy fraught,  
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought;  
To Virtue wake the pulses of the heart,  
And bid the tear of Emulation start!  
Oh could it still, thro' each succeeding year,  
My life, my manners, and my name endear;  
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,  
Still hold communion with the wise and just!—  
Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,  
When thro' the world it steals its secret course,

Revive but once a generous wish suppress,  
Chafe but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;  
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,  
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy;  
Blest were my lines, tho' limited their sphere,  
Tho' short their date, as his who trac'd them here.

S. R.



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# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

HENRY THE SEVENTH

OF ENGLAND

AND

OF THE REIGN OF

HENRY THE EIGHTH

OF ENGLAND

BY

JOHN HALLAM

ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN

AND

OF THE INNER TEMPLE

IN LONDON

PRINTED BY

J. JOHNSON

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

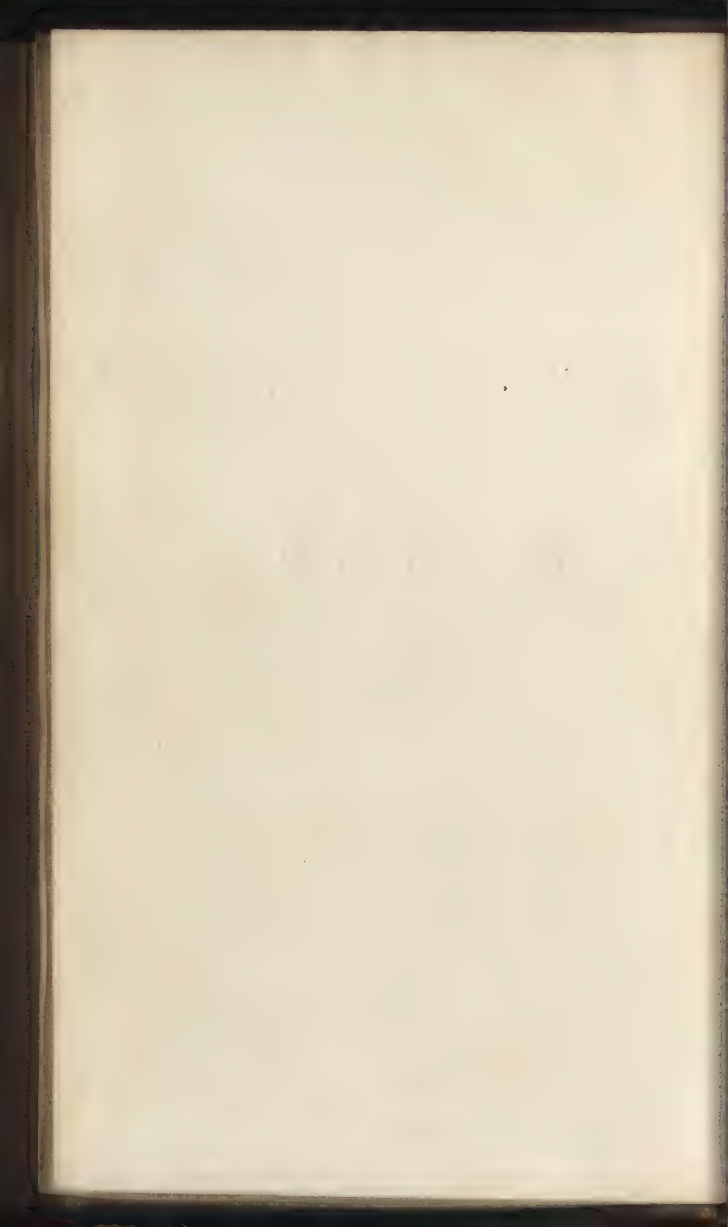
1795

THE  
PLEASURES  
OF  
MEMORY,  
IN TWO PARTS.

Hoc est

Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

MART.



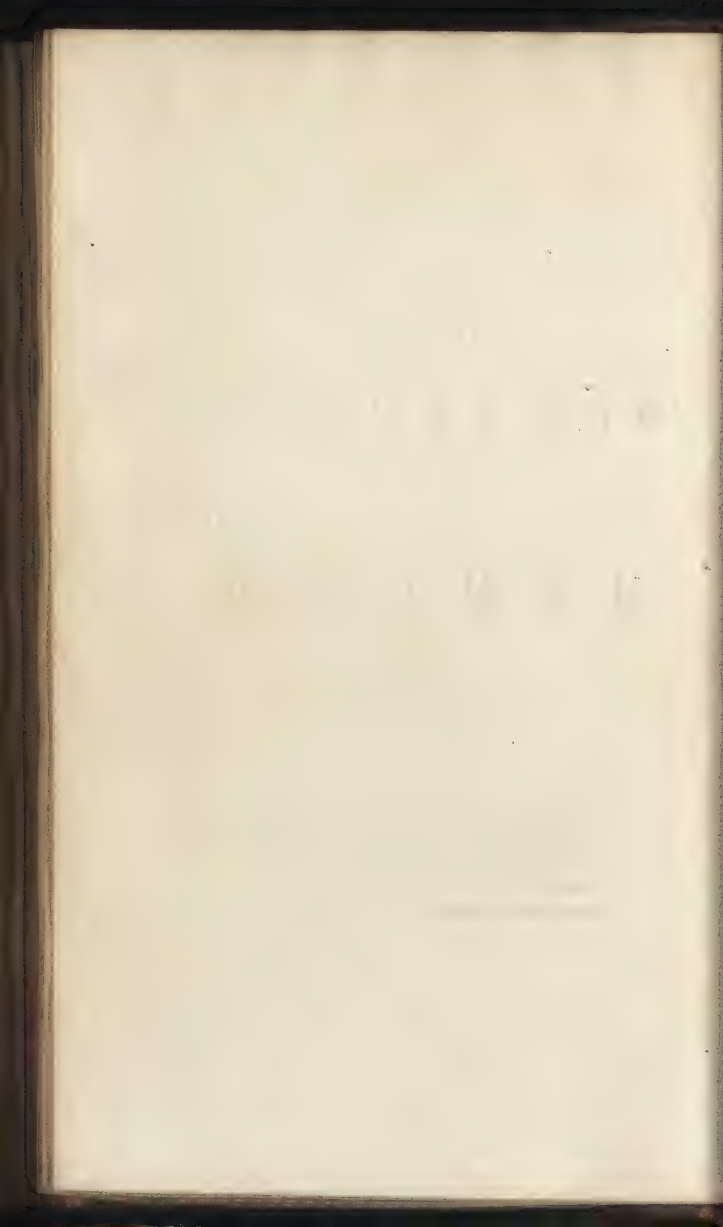


T H E  
P L E A S U R E S  
O F  
M E M O R Y.

P A R T I.

Dolce sentier, \_\_\_\_\_  
Colle, che mi piacesti, \_\_\_\_\_  
Ov' ancor per ufanza Amor mi mena;  
Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,  
Non, lasso, in me.

PETRARCH.



# A N A L Y S I S

OF THE

## F I R S T P A R T.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that there is a continued succession of ideas in the mind, and that they introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. Their complexion depends greatly on the different perceptions of pleasure and pain which we receive through the medium of sense; and, in return, they have a considerable influence on the animal œconomy.

They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to ourselves, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.



When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original: and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he, who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

T H E  
P L E A S U R E S  
O F  
M E M O R Y.

P A R T I.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,  
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.  
Still'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,  
When round the ruins of their ancient oak  
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,     5  
And games and carols clos'd the busy day.

Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more

With treasur'd tales of legendary lore.

All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows

To chase the dreams of innocent repose. 10

All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!

What pensive sweets this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old Mansion, frowning thro' the trees,

Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.

'That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade, 15

First to these eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;

When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,

And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew. 20

See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,  
Where mofs inlays the rudely-sculptur'd shield,  
The martin's old, hereditary nest.  
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

As jars the hinge, what fullen echoes call! 25  
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!  
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,  
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,  
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung; 30  
When round yon ample board, in due degree,  
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.  
The heart's light laughter crown'd the circling jest;  
And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by its sound; 35  
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.  
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;  
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.  
Giants and genii chain'd the wondering ear;  
And orphan-woes drew Nature's ready tear. 40  
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,  
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood:  
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,  
With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower;  
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep, 45  
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye  
Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high;  
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,  
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round. 50



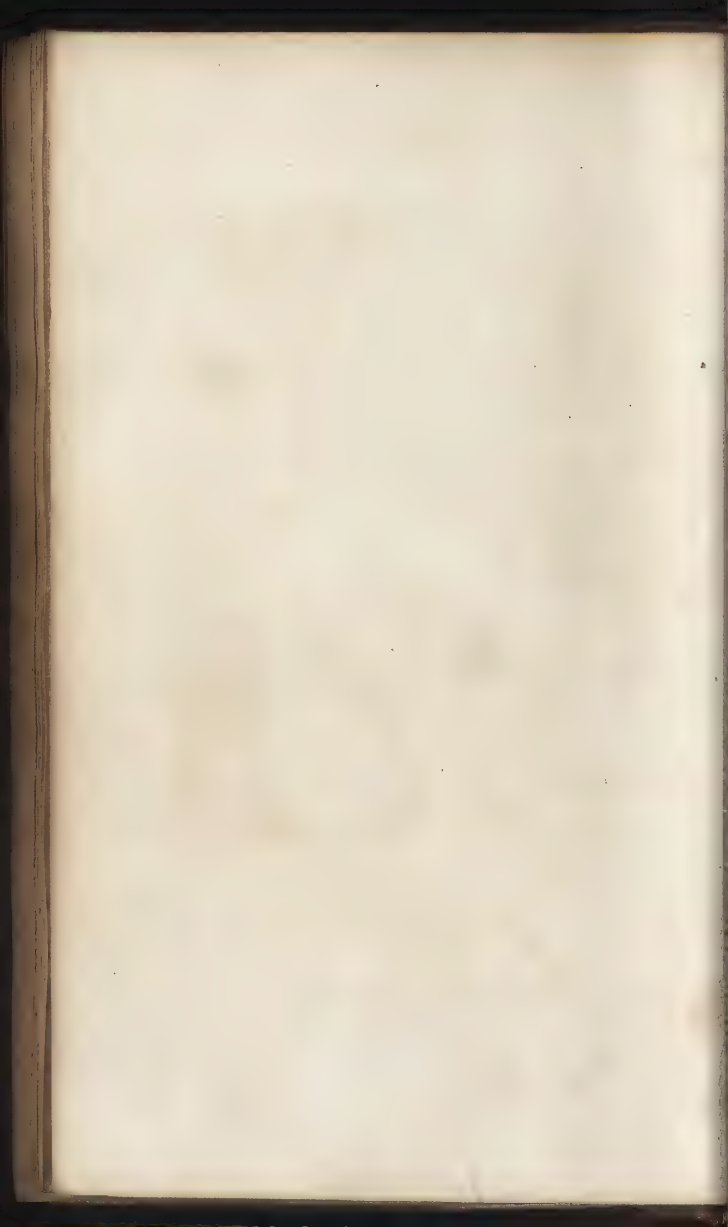


T. Stothard del.

J. Heath sculp.

*'Twas here we chasid the slipper by its sound.*

*Published May 29<sup>th</sup> 1793. by T. Cadell Strand.*



As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.  
The storied arras, source of fond delight,  
With old achievement charms the wilder'd fight;  
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest, 55  
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.  
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.  
The clock still points its moral to the heart.  
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!  
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near: 60  
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,  
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?  
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,  
Whence the caged linnet sooth'd my penfive thought;  
Those muskets cas'd with venerable rust; 65  
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust,

Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,  
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,  
What fond illusions swarm in every grove! 70  
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,  
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;  
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on wearied wing,  
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!  
How oft inscrib'd, with Friendship's votive rhyme, 75  
'The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;  
Soar'd in the fwing, half pleas'd and half afraid,  
Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer-shade;  
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,  
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat! 80

Childhood's lov'd group revisits every scene,  
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!  
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and, lo! they live!  
Cloth'd with far softer-hues than Light can give.  
Thou last, best friend that Heav'n assigns below, 85  
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know;  
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,  
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;  
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong  
The sage's precept, and the poet's song. 90  
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,  
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!  
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,  
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;  
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd 95  
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,  
Just tells the penfive pilgrim where it lay.  
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn; 100  
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems 105  
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blaz'd  
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd;  
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,  
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw; 110  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore;



Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,  
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;  
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade, 115  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:—  
And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,  
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,  
And trac'd the line of life with searching view, 120  
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,  
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!  
This truth once known—To blest is to be blest!  
We led the bending beggar on his way; 125  
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)  
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.

As in his scrip we dropt our little store,  
And wept to think that little was no more, 130  
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such goodness  
live!"

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,  
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!  
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace 135  
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,  
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,  
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,  
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring; 140  
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,  
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,  
Where now the sexton refts his hoary head.  
Oft, as he turn'd the greenfward with his fpade, 145  
He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;  
And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,  
Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone  
I fearch the records of each mouldering ftone. 150  
Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!  
Who firft unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth;  
Whofe every word enlighten'd and endear'd;  
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;  
In Friendship's filent register ye live, 155  
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace and pleasure sleep,  
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,  
What spells entrance my visionary mind,  
With sighs so sweet, with raptures so refin'd? 160

Ethereal Power! whose smile, at noon of night,  
Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight;  
Instils that musing, melancholy mood,  
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;  
Blest MEMORY, hail! Oh, grant the grateful Muse, 165  
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,  
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,  
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain. 170

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other flies!  
Each, as the varied avenues of sense  
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,  
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art, 175  
Controul the latent fibres of the heart.  
As studious PROSPERO's mysterious spell  
Conven'd the subject-spirits to his cell;  
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,  
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires. 180  
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source,  
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,  
And thro' the frame invisibly convey  
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore; 185  
From Reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.  
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!  
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!  
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;  
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought! 190

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,  
And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,  
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see  
The dear abode of peace and privacy;  
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees, 195  
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,  
The village-common spotted white with sheep,  
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;



All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again. 200

So, when the daring sons of Science drew 1  
The mild TUPIA's firm yet fond adieu  
To all his soul best lov'd, such tears he shed,  
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled :  
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast, 205  
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast ;  
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,  
And fairy forests fring'd the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day, 2  
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away. 210  
Her eyes had blest'd the beacon's glimmering height,  
That faintly tipt the feathery furge with light ;

But now the morn with orient hues pourtray'd  
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade:  
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,      215  
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite, 3  
These, with magnetic virtue, soon unite.  
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,  
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.      220  
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh;  
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.  
For this FOSCARI, whose relentless fate 4  
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,  
When exile wore his blooming years away,      225  
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,  
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,  
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws;

Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,  
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore. 230

And hence the charm historic scenes impart:  
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.  
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,  
Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the gale;  
In wild Vaucluse with love and LAURA dwell, 235  
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell. 5  
'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb, 6  
We blest the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:  
So TULLY paus'd, amid the wrecks of Time, 7  
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime; 240  
When at his feet, in honour'd dust disclos'd,  
The immortal Sage of Syracuse repos'd.  
And as his youth in sweet delusion hung,  
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung;

Who now but meets him musing, when he roves 245

His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves ?

In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll

His moral thunders o'er the subject soul ?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :

We gaze on every feature till it lives ! 250

Still the fond lover views the absent maid ;

And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !

Say why the pensive widow loves to weep, 8

When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :

Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace 255

The father's features in his infant face.

The hoary grandfire smiles the hour away,

Won by the charm of Innocence at play ;

He bends to catch each artless burst of joy,

Forgets his age, and acts again the boy. 260

What tho' the iron school of War erase  
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;  
What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest  
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;  
Still shall this active principle preside, 265  
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swifts, that guards a foreign shore,  
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,  
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild 9  
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguil'd, 270  
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,  
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:  
Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm; 10

Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom  
bled, 11 275

Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.

When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind 12

The imperial fasces of a world resign'd,

Say why we trace the labours of his spade,

In calm Salona's philosophic shade. 280

Say, when ambitious CHARLES renounc'd a throne, 13

To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,

What from his soul the parting tribute drew?

What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?

The still retreats that sooth'd his tranquil breast, 285

Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.

Undamp'd by time, the generous Instinct glows  
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;



Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,  
On every form of varied life imprest. 290

The social tribes its choicest influence hail:—

And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale,

The war-worn courser charges at the sound,

And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale 295

Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;

Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,

From fire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.

When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,

And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind; 300

When not a distant taper's twinkling ray

Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;

When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,

And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;

Then did his horse the homeward track descry,<sup>14</sup> 305  
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;  
And win each wavering purpose to relent,  
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,  
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,  
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind. 310

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form  
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;  
And who will first his fond impatience meet?  
His faithful dog's already at his feet!  
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door, 315  
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,  
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,  
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.  
And see, the master but returns to die!  
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly? 320

The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,  
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth;  
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,  
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove 325  
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?  
Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?  
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations blest'd the sight.  
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,  
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;— 330  
'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,  
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,<sup>15</sup>  
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.

When with the silent energy of grief, 335  
 With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,  
 Want, with her babes, round generous Valour clung,  
 'To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,  
 'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;  
 Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die, 340  
 Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd  
 from the sky.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,<sup>16</sup>  
 Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.  
 O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,  
 And many a stream allures her to its source. 345  
 'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,  
 Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,  
 Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;  
 Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd!

Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell? 350

Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?

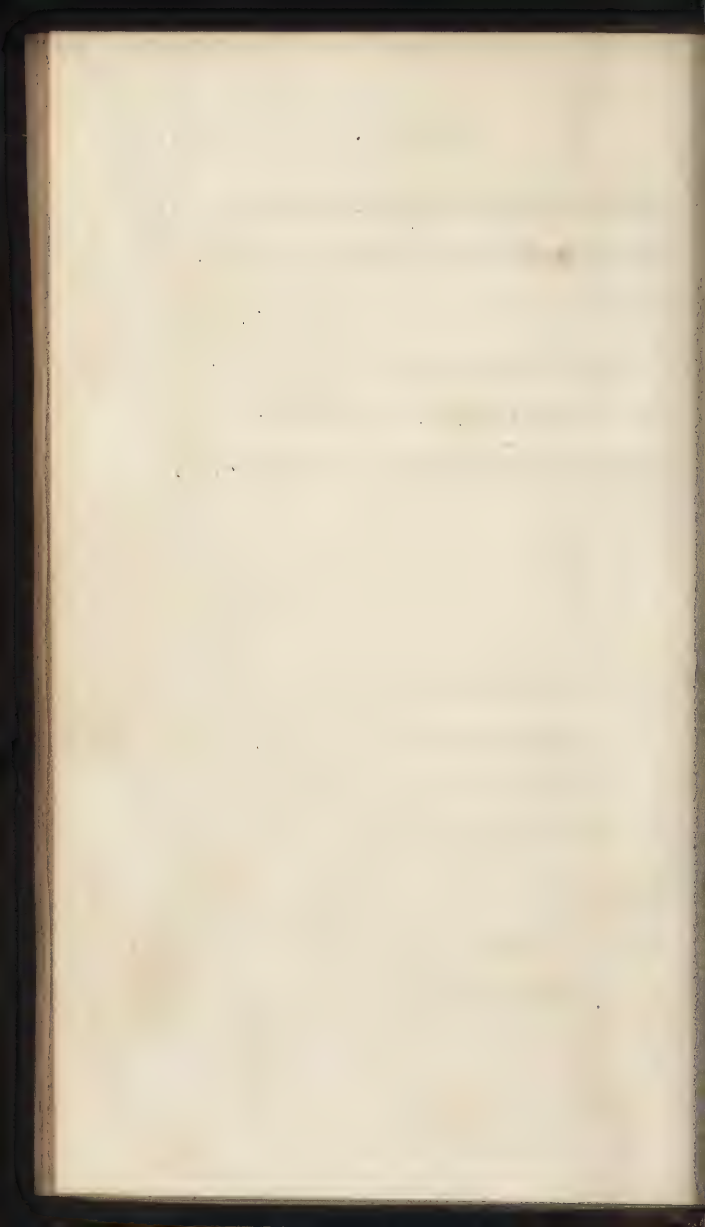
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue

Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew?

Hail, MEMORY, hail! thy universal reign

Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain. 355

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.



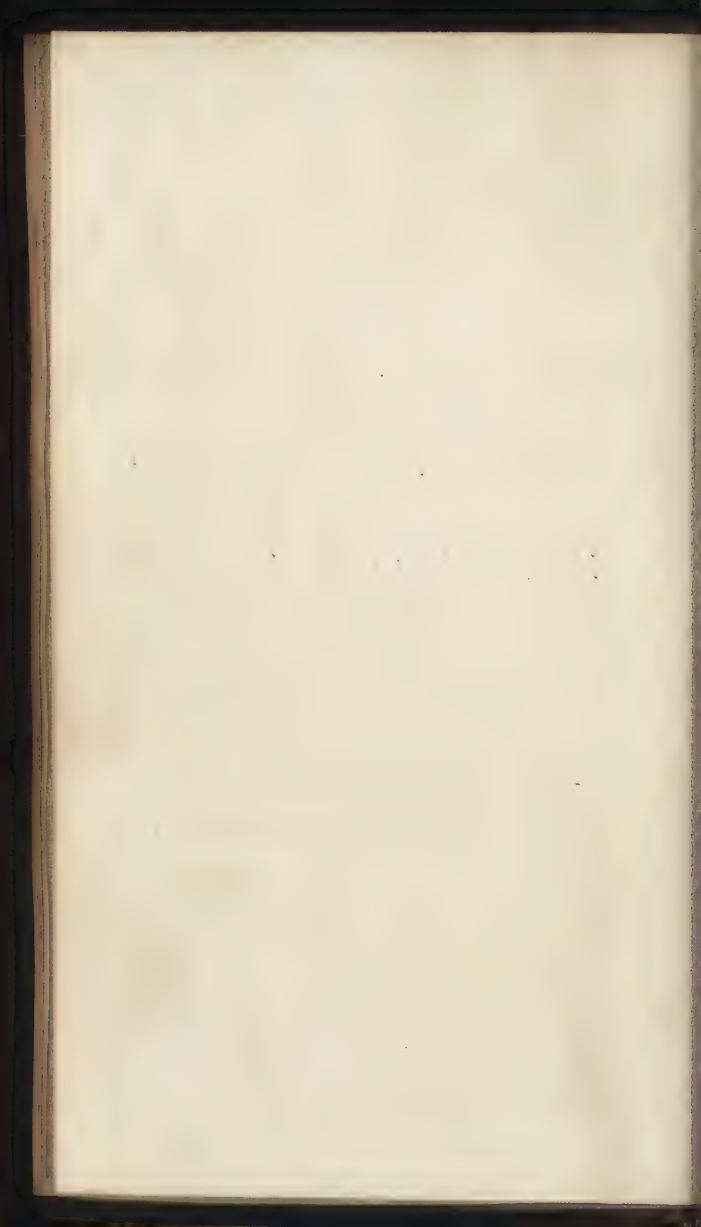
THE  
P L E A S U R E S  
O F  
M E M O R Y.

PART II.

—Degli anni e de l'obblío nemica,  
Delle cose custode, e dispensiera.

TASSO.





# A N A L Y S I S

OF THE

## S E C O N D P A R T.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals: but, with respect to man, she has a higher province; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philoso-

D

phy. She colours all the prospects of life: for 'we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past.' On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, whose boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected and retained.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination.

And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life; events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory

is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale, illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture, that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

T H E  
P L E A S U R E S  
O F  
M E M O R Y.

P A R T II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the tide of Time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart 5  
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;

Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,  
The pensive portrefs of her holy cell;  
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp  
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp. 10

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,  
Whose language breath'd the eloquence of Truth;  
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught  
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;  
These still exist, by Thee to Fame consign'd, 15  
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws;  
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.  
From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,  
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows. 20



When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-ray,  
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;  
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,  
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:  
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night 25  
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,  
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;  
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace  
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face, 30  
Forgot, when first a father's stern controul  
Chas'd the gay visions of her opening soul:  
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell  
Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,  
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive, 35  
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;

The whisper'd vow, the chaste cares prolong,  
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;  
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,  
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade, 40  
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,  
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calm'd the ruffled breast,  
Are these fond dreams of happiness confessed.  
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave, 45  
Is heav'n's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,  
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.  
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there; }  
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare, 50 }  
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair! }

But pause not then—beyond the western wave,  
Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave!  
Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,  
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes. 55

Yet here, ev'n here, with pleasures long resign'd,  
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind:  
Her dear delusions sooth his sinking soul,  
When the rude scourge presumes its base controul;  
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse 60  
The full reflection of their vivid hues.

'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,  
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;  
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew  
The simple transports that with freedom flew; 65  
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,  
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;

The oral tale of elder time rehearse,  
And chant the rude, traditionary verse;  
With those, the lov'd companions of his youth, 70  
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?  
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!  
A little world of clear and cloudless day,  
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay; 75  
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sun-shine blest,  
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,  
When Sleep has lock'd the senses in her chain.  
When sober Judgment has his throne resign'd, 80  
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;

And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,  
From Her each image springs, each colour flows.  
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!  
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend, 85  
In that dead hour of night to Silence giv'n,  
Whispering seraphic visions of her heav'n.

When the blithe son of Savoy, roving round  
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,  
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies, 90  
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;  
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,  
And at his feet the thunder dies away,  
Oft, in the faddle rudely rock'd to sleep,  
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep, 95  
With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees  
His children sport beneath their native trees,

And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call,  
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell? 100

Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?

Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,

And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,

There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies! 105

He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought

Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;

Who from the quarried mass, like PHIDIAS, drew

Forms ever fair, creations ever new!

But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame, 110

The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.

Cold was her grasp, a withering fowl she wore;

And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.

Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art! 17  
From the rude stone what bright ideas start! 115  
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,  
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!  
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.  
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught, 120  
Go, spring the mine of elevated thought.  
He who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys  
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;  
Whose mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd guest,  
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best; 125  
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,  
Or, musing, mount where Science fits sublime,  
Or wake the spirit of departed Time. }



Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,  
A blooming Eden in his life reviews! 130  
So richly cultur'd every native grace,  
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:  
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,  
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!  
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran, 135  
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,  
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?  
When Age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,  
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere, 140  
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue  
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;  
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,  
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;

With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night, 145  
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,  
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;  
Till the light leaves the truant-boy disclose,  
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose. 150

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confin'd  
The silent feasts of the reflective mind.  
Danger and death a dread delight inspire;  
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,  
When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun, 155  
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;  
And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile?

Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich, go;  
And own what raptures from Reflection flow. 160

Hail, noblest structures imag'd in the wave!  
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.  
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!  
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.  
Long have ye heard the narratives of age, 165  
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;  
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray  
Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,  
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease: 170  
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,  
And breathes a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Haft thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales purfued 18  
Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude;  
To mark the sweet simplicity of life, 175  
Far from the dim of Folly's idle strife:  
Nor, with Attention's lifted eye, rever'd  
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE rear'd;  
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour; 180  
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,  
Her fainted spirit most delights to trace?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride, 19  
O'er his dead fon old ORMOND nobly figh'd.  
Thus, thro' the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy grove, 185  
MARIA's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower  
Awes not so deeply in its morning-hour,  
As when the shades of Time serenely fall  
On every broken arch and ivied wall; 190  
The tender images we love to trace,  
Steal from each year 'a melancholy grace!'  
And as the sparks of social love expand,  
As the heart opens in a foreign land;  
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile, 195  
The stranger greets each native of his isle;  
So scenes of life, when present and confest,  
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;  
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,  
However trivial, and however rude, 200  
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,  
With every claim of close affinity!

But these pure joys the world can never know ;

In gentler climes their silver currents flow.

Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day, 205

When the hush'd grove has sung its parting lay ;

When penfive Twilight, in her dusky car,

Slowly ascends to meet the evening-star ;

Above, below, ærial murmurs swell,

From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell ! 210

A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,

Stealing soft music on the ear of night.

So oft the finer movements of the soul,

That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay controul,

In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise, 215

And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies !

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,  
(Preserv'd in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)  
When Nature smil'd, and o'er the landscape threw  
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue, 220  
A blithe and blooming Forester explor'd  
Those nobler scenes SALVATOR's soul ador'd;  
The rocky pafs half hung with shaggy wood,  
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose, 20 225  
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows;  
When the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,  
Gaz'd on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar;  
And thro' the rifted cliffs, that scal'd the sky,  
Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled eye. 21 230  
Each ofier isle, inverted on the wave,  
'Thro' morn's gray mist its melting colours gave;



And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove  
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brush'd the orient dew, 235  
From rock to rock the young adventurer flew;  
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,  
When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.  
Imbowering shrubs with verdure veil'd the sky,  
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye; 240  
Save when a mild and momentary gleam  
Glanc'd from the white foam of some shelter'd stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening toll'd,  
And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold;  
And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd; 245  
When, hark! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.

It ceas'd—yet still in FLORIO's fancy sung,  
Still on each note his captive spirit hung;  
Till o'er the mead a cool, sequester'd grot  
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot. 250  
A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,  
And on the front these simple lines it bore:

Hence away, nor dare intrude!

In this secret, shadowy cell

Musing MEMORY loves to dwell, 255

With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,

To taste that peace the world denies.

Entranc'd she sits; from youth to age,

Reviewing Life's eventful page; 260

And noting, ere they fade away,

The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gain'd a rude and rocky feat,  
When lo, the Genius of this still retreat!  
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace 265  
The penfive softness of her angel-face?  
Can VIRGIL's verse, can RAPHAEL's touch impart  
Those finer features of the feeling heart,  
Those tenderer tints that shun the careless eye,  
And in the world's contagious circle die? 270

She left the cave, nor mark'd the stranger there;  
Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air,  
Had breath'd a soft enchantment o'er his soul!  
In every nerve he felt her blest controul!  
What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky, 275  
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,

Inform congenial spirits when they meet?

Sweet is their office, as their nature sweet!

FLORIO, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,  
Till thro' a vista's moonlight-checquer'd shade, 280  
Where the bat circled, and the rooks repos'd,  
(Their wars suspended, and their counsels clos'd)  
An antique mansion burst in awful state,  
A rich vine clustering round its Gothic gate.  
Nor paus'd he here. The master of the scene 285  
Mark'd his light step imprint the dewy green;  
And, slow-advancing, hail'd him as his guest,  
Won by the honest warmth his looks express'd.  
He wore the rustic manners of a 'Squire;  
Age had not quench'd one spark of manly fire; 290

But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,  
And his heart panted for the chafe in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing power!  
Wing'd with delight Confinement's lingering hour.  
The fox's brush still emulous to wear, 295  
He scour'd the county in his elbow-chair;  
And, with view-halloo, rous'd the dreaming hound,  
That rung, by starts, his deep-ton'd music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confin'd,  
His aged hunters cours'd the viewless wind : 300  
And each, with glowing energy pourtray'd,  
The far-fam'd triumphs of the field display'd ;  
Usurp'd the canvas of the crowded hall,  
And chas'd a line of heroes from the wall.

There slept the horn each jocund echo knew, 305  
And many a smile and many a story drew !  
High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,  
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.  
How would he dwell on each vast antler there !  
This dash'd the wave, that fann'd the mountain-air. 310  
Each, as it frown'd, unwritten records bore,  
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong ?—His only child,  
His darling JULIA on the stranger smil'd.  
Her little arts a fretful fire to please, 315  
Her gentle gaiety, and native ease,  
Had won his soul—but ah ! few days had pass'd,  
Ere his fond visions prov'd too sweet to last.

When evening ting'd the lake's ethereal blue,  
And her deep shades irregularly threw ; 320  
Their shifting fail dropt gently from the cove,  
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove ; 22  
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite,  
Amus'd the fisher's solitary night ;  
And still the mitred window, richly wreath'd, 325  
A sacred calm thro' the brown foliage breath'd.

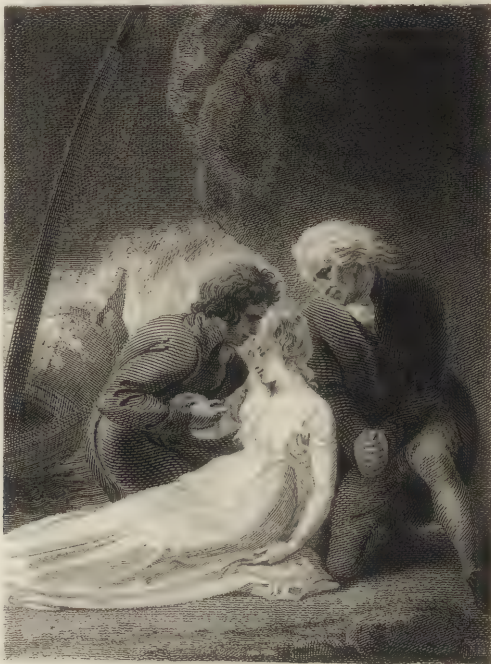
The wild deer, starting thro' the silent glade,  
With fearful gaze, their various course survey'd.  
High hung in air the hoary goat reclin'd,  
His streaming beard the sport of every wind ; 330  
And, as the coot her jet-wing lov'd to lave,  
Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave ;

The eagle rush'd from Skiddaw's purple crest,  
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimm'd, with dewy ray, 335  
The few, fine flushes of departing day ;  
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,  
And her broad lights on every mountain flung ;  
When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blew, 23  
And to the surge consign'd its little crew. 340  
All, all escap'd—but ere the lover bore  
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,  
Her sense had fled !—Exhausted by the storm,  
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form ;  
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fir'd ; 345  
'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expir'd !



To face Page 69

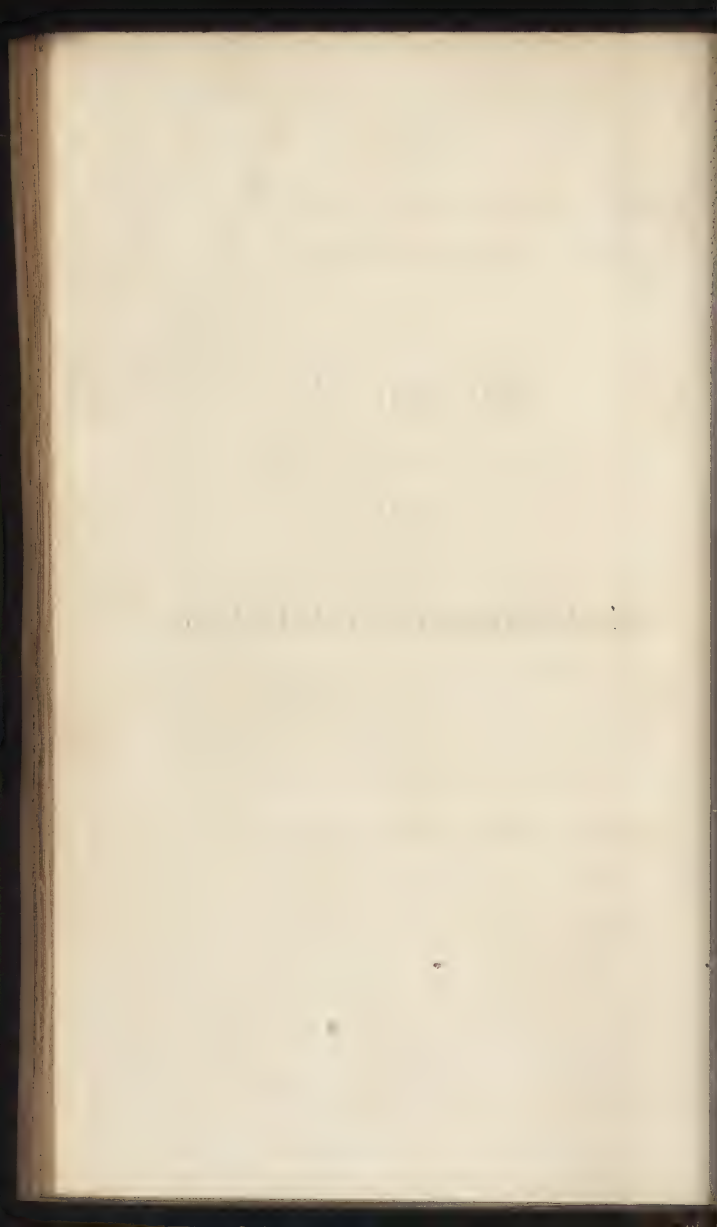


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*Her sense had fled!*

*Published May 29<sup>th</sup> 1793, by T Cadell Strand.*



The father flew'd his white hairs in the wind,  
Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind :  
And FLORIO liv'd to see the willow wave,  
With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave. 350  
Yes, FLORIO liv'd—and, still of each possess,  
The father cherish'd, and the maid carefs'd !

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,  
With JULIA's spirit thro' the shadowy grove ;  
Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd, 355  
Kiss every flowret planted by her hand.  
Ah ! still he trac'd her steps along the glade,  
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd  
Half-viewless forms ; still listen'd as the breeze  
Heav'd its deep sobs among the aged trees ; 360

And at each pause her melting accents caught;  
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!  
Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day;  
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.  
The spring, that bubbled from it's inmost cell, 365  
Murmur'd of JULIA's virtues as it fell;  
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,  
In FLORIO's ear breath'd language not its own.  
Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY threw,  
A charm that fooths the mind, and sweetens too! 370

But is Her magic only felt below?  
Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow;  
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere, 24  
She yields delight but faintly imag'd here:

All that till now their rapt researches knew, 375

Not call'd in flow succeſſion to review ;

But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,

At once preſented to their glad ſurvey !

Each ſcene of bliſs reveal'd, ſince chaos fled,

And dawning light its dazzling glories ſpread ; 380

Each chain of wonders that ſublimely glow'd,

Since firſt Creation's choral anthem flow'd ;

Each ready flight, at Mercy's ſmile divine,

To diſtant worlds that undiscover'd ſhine ;

Full on her tablet flings its living rays, 385

And all, combin'd, with bleſt effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendſhip, ſoar ;

No more to part, to mingle tears no more !

And, as the softening hand of Time endears  
The joys and sorrows of our infant-years, 390  
So there the soul, releas'd from human strife,  
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;  
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;  
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend, 395  
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;  
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,  
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;  
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
And heav'n and nature open'd to their view ! 400  
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees  
A smiling circle emulous to please ;

There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well!

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to  
share 405

From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;  
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know  
The humble walks of happiness below;  
If thy blest nature now unites above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love, 410  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,  
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;  
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;  
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise, 415  
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,

To meet the changes Time and Chance present,  
With modest dignity and calm content.

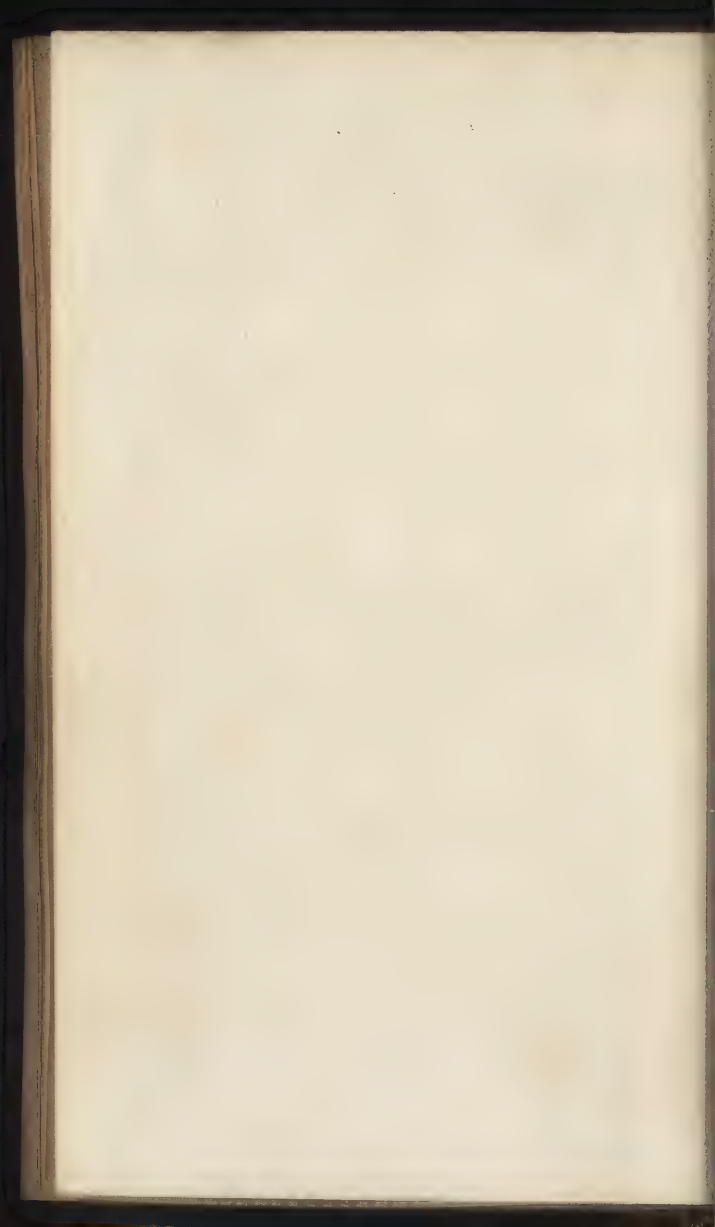
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,  
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd; 420  
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;  
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?  
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth, 425  
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway! 430  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;  
The only pleasures we can call our own.



Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;  
If but a beam of sober Reason play, 435  
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!  
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,  
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?  
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light; 440  
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

THE END.



# N O T E S

## ON THE FIRST PART.

NOTE I. Verse 201.

*So, when the daring sons of science, &c.*

HE wept; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears, concurred, with them, to do him honour: he went to the mast-head, waving to the canoes as long as they continued in fight.

HAWKESWORTH'S Voyages, ii. 181.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville. See LES JARDINS, par M. l'Abbé de Lille, chant ii.

## NOTE 2. Verse 209.

*So Scotia's Queen, &c.*

Elle se leve sur son liët, & se met à contempler  
la France encor, tant qu'elle peut.

BRANTÔME, tom. ii. p. 119.

## NOTE 3. Verse 217.

*As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite—*

To an accidental association may be ascribed  
some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The  
Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman  
Empire first conceived his design among the ruins  
of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp  
are we indebted for the Bard of Gray. GIB-  
BON'S Hist. xii. 432. Memoirs of Gray, sect. iv.  
let. 25.

## NOTE 4. Verse 223.

*For this FOSCARI, &c.*

This young man was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion is good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion

his being remanded a prisoner to Venice. See Dr. MOORE'S View of Society in Italy, vol. i. let. 14.

NOTE 5. Verse 236.

*And watch and weep in ELOISA'S cell.*

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

NOTE 6. Verse 237.

*'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL'S tomb—*

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilippo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro ispirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the muses.

NOTE 7. Verse 239.

*So TULLY paus'd amid the wrecks of Time.*

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.

Tusc. Quæst. 5. 3.

NOTE 8. Verse 253.

*Say why the pensive widow loves to weep.*

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses.

Od. xxi. 55.

NOTE 9. Verse 269.

*If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild—*

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches ; cet air si chéri

des Suiffes qu'il fut défendu fous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, déferter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent défir de revoir leur pays. ROUSSEAU, Dictionnaire de Mufique.

NOTE 10. Verfe 274.

*Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm.*

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly paffed the fummer in a fmall villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid fcilicet oculorum confuetudini deperiret.*

SUET: in Vit. Vesp. cap. ii.

A fimilar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Pof-



reaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente forma priore*, infinitis ædificiis circundedit. Hist. August. 54.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

To a friend, says John Duke of Buckingham, I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects. See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart; and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope's letters—I should hardly care to have

an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child.      POPP'S Works, viii. 151.

The elegant author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of *Alibée*, *Persan*. See *Recueil de Fables, composées pour l'Education d'un Prince*.

NOTE II.    Verse 275.

*Why great NAVARRE, &c.*

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.

*Memoires de SULLY, tom. ii. p. 381.*

## NOTE 12. Verse 277.

*When* DIOCLETIAN'S *self-corrected mind*—

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to re-assume the reins of government, and the Imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could shew Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power.

GIBBON, ii. 175.

## NOTE 13. Verse 281.

*Say, when ambitious CHARLES renounc'd a throne—*

When the emperor Charles V. had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of St. Justus, he stopped a few days at Ghent, says his historian, to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth.

ROBERTSON'S Hist. iv. 256.

## NOTE 14. Verse 305.

*Then did his horse the homeward track descry.*

The memory of the horse forms the ground-

work of a pleasing little romance of the twelfth century, entitled "The Gray Palfrey." See the Tales of the Trouveurs, as collected by M. Le Grand.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

———Va manfueto a la Donzella,

---

Ch' in Albracca il servia già di sua mano.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, canto i. 75.

NOTE 15. Verse 333.

*Sweet bird! thy truth shall HARLEM'S walls attest.*

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of

opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.

THUANUS, lib. lv. c. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.

Hist. Nat. x. 37.

NOTE 16. Verse 342.

*Hark! the bee, &c.*

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

# N O T E S

O N T H E

## SECOND PART.

NOTE 17. Verse 114.

*Yet still how sweet the soothing of his art!*

THE astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.

See the RAKE'S PROGRESS, plate 8.

NOTE 18. Verse 173.

*Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued, &c.*

On the road-side, between Penrith and Appelby, stands a small pillar with this inscription:

G

“ This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616: in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4l. to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!”

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and has its source in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

NOTE 19. Verse 183.

*Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,*

*O'er his dead son old ORMOND nobly sigh'd, &c.*



Ormond bore the loss with patience and dignity: though he ever retained a pleasing, however melancholy, sense of the signal merit of Offory. “ I would not exchange my dead son,” said he, “ for any living son in Christendom.” HUME, vi. 340.

The same sentiment is inscribed on Miss Dolman’s urn at the Leafowes.

Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,  
quam tui meminisse!

#### NOTE 20. Verse 225.

*High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose.*

This bird, according to Mr. Pennant, is remarkable for his exultation during the spring; when he calls the hen to his haunts with a loud and shrill

voice, and is so inattentive to his safety as to be easily shot. Brit. Zoology, 266.

NOTE 21. Verse 230.

*Derwent's clear mirror.*

The Lake of Kewick in Cumberland.

NOTE 22. Verse 322.

*Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.*

A small wooded island once dignified with a religious house.

NOTE 23. Verse 339.

*When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew.*

In a lake, surrounded with mountains, the agitations are often violent and momentary. The

winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no  
fooner fwells, than it subfides.

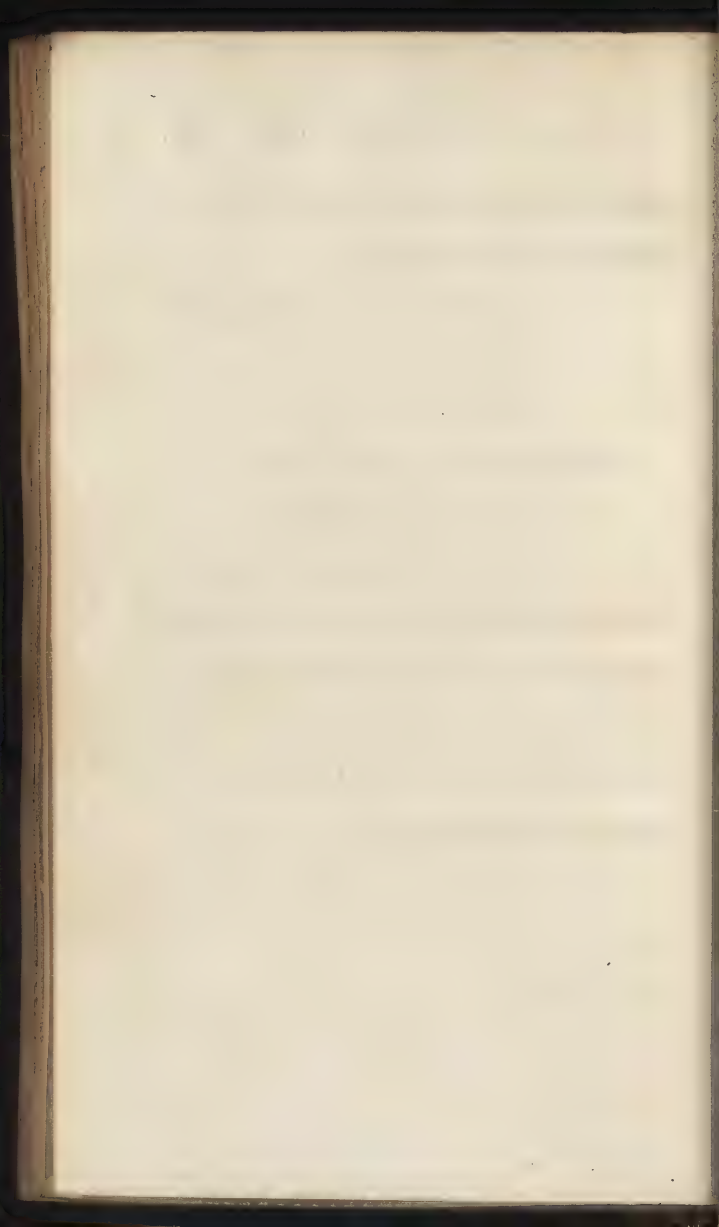
See BOURN's Hift. of Westmoreland.

NOTE 24. Verfe 373.

*To what pure beings, in a nobler fphere,*

*She yields delight but faintly imag'd here.*

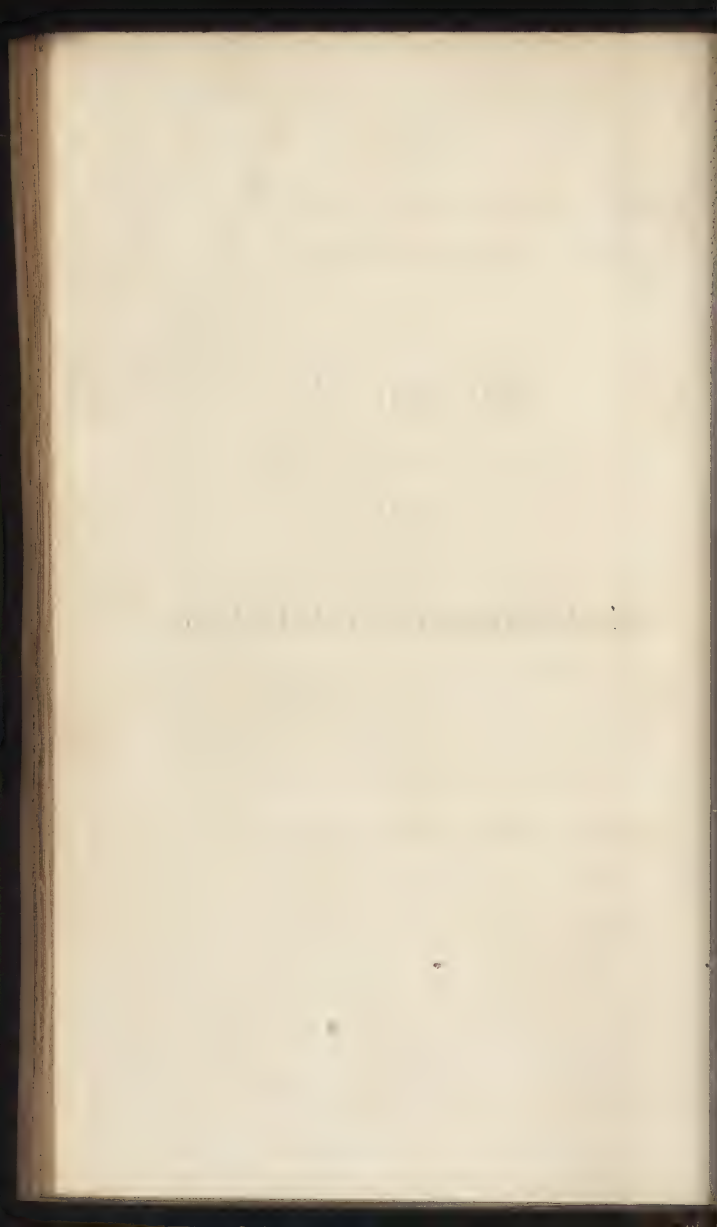
The feveral degrees of angels may probably  
have larger views, and fome of them be endowed  
with capacities able to retain together, and con-  
ftantly fet before them, as in one picture, all their  
paff knowledge at once. LOCKE on Human Un-  
derftanding, book ii. chap. x. 9.



O D E

TO

SUPERSTITION.



O D E  
TO  
SUPERSTITION.

I. I.

HENCE, to the realms of Night, dire Demon,  
hence!

Thy chain of adamant can bind  
That little world, the human mind,  
And sink its noblest powers to impotence.

Wake the lion's loudest roar,  
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,

With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine;  
Meek is his savage, fullen soul to thine!  
Thy touch, thy deadening touch, has steel'd the  
breast, <sup>1</sup>

Where, thro' her rainbow-shower, soft Pity smil'd;  
Has clos'd the heart each godlike virtue blest,  
To all the silent pleadings of his child.  
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,  
At thy command exults, tho' Nature bids him weep!

## I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth, <sup>2</sup>  
Thou dartedst thy huge head from high,  
Night wav'd her banners o'er the sky,  
And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth.



Rocking on the billowy air,  
Ha! what withering phantoms glare!  
As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,  
At each dead pause, what shrill-ton'd voices yell!  
The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,  
Points at the murderer's stab, and shudders by;  
In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,  
That veils its genius from the vulgar eye;  
The spirit of the water rides the storm,  
And, thro' its mist, reveals the terrors of his form.

## I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where Winter reigns,  
And holds each mountain-wave in chains,  
The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer  
By glistering moon-light thro' the snow,

Breathes softly in her wondering ear  
Each potent spell thou badst him know.

By thee inspir'd, on India's sands, 4

Full in the sun the Bramin stands;

And, while the panting tigress hies

To quench her fever in the stream,

His spirit laughs in agonies, 5

Smit by the scorchings of the noontide beam.

Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,

Blooming in her bridal vest:

She hurls the torch! she fans the fire!

To die is to be blest: 6

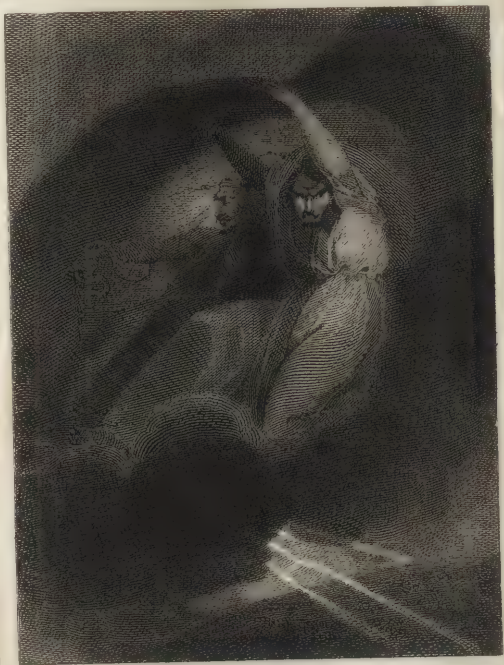
She clasps her lord to part no more,

And, fighting, sinks! but sinks to soar.

O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,

The Sisters fail in dusky state, 7

To face Page 96.

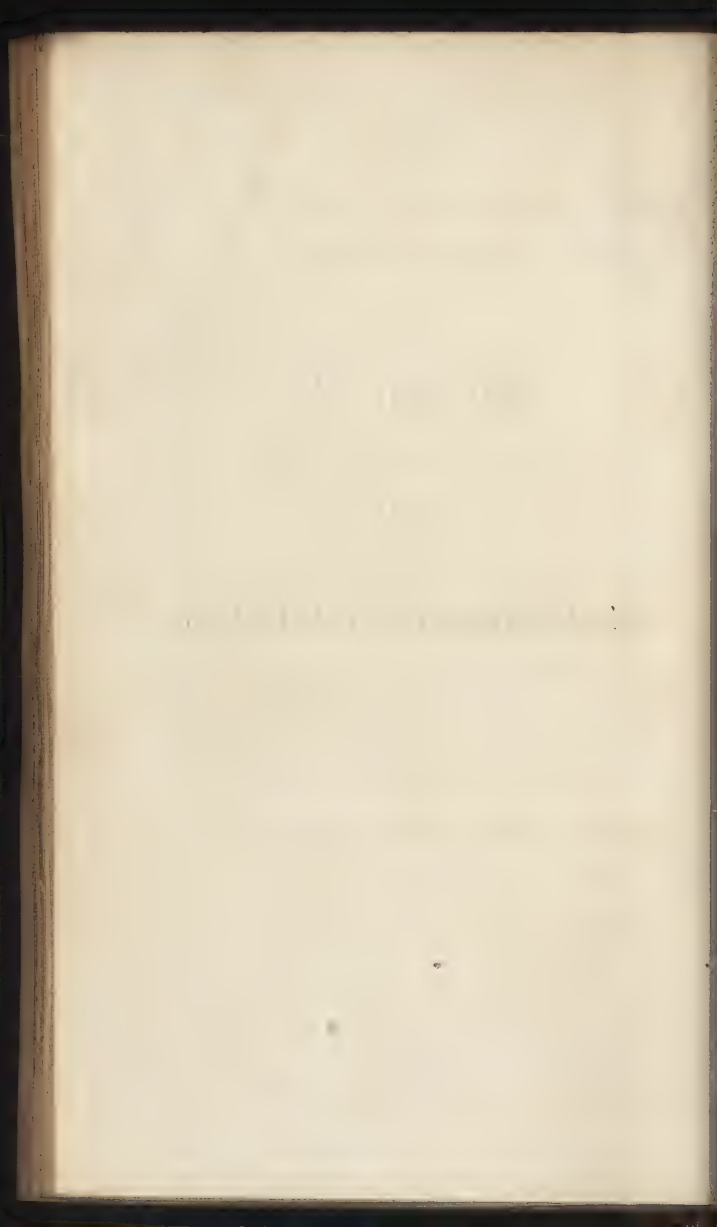


R. W. Smith del.

J. Neale sculp.

— *Wreath in clouds, in tempests lost.*

Published May, 29<sup>th</sup> 1793. by T. Cadell. Strand.



And, wrapt in clouds, in tempests tost,

Weave the airy web of fate;

While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main, 8

Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral train.

II. I.

Thou spak'st, and lo! a new creation glow'd.

Each unhewn mass of living stone

Was clad in horrors not its own,

And at its base the trembling nations bow'd.

Giant Error, darkly grand,

Grasp'd the globe with iron hand.

Circled with seats of bliss, the Lord of Light

Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.

The statue, waking with immortal powers, 9

Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the spheres;

The indignant pyramid fublimely towers,  
And braves the efforts of a hoft of years.  
Sweet Mufic breathes her foul into the wind;  
And bright-ey'd Painting ftamps the image of the mind.

## II. 2.

Round their rude ark old Egypt's forcerers rife!

A timbrell'd anthem fwells the gale,

And bids the God of Thunders hail; 10

With lowings loud the captive God replies.

Clouds of incenfe court thy fmile,

Scaly monarch of the Nile! 11

But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee? 12

Go, count the bufy drops that fwell the fea.

Proud land! what eye can trace thy myftic lore,

Lock'd up in characters as dark as night? 13

What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore, <sup>14</sup>

To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;

Again to visit her cold cell of clay,

Charm'd with perennial sweets, and smiling at decay?

II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright <sup>15</sup>

With purple ether's liquid light,

High o'er the world, the white-rob'd Magi gaze

On dazzling bursts of heav'nly fire;

Start at each blue, portentous blaze,

Each flame that flits with adverse spire.

But say, what sounds my ear invade <sup>16</sup>

From Delphi's venerable shade?

The temple rocks, the laurel waves!

"The God! the God!" the Sybil cries.

Her figure swells! she foams, she raves!

Her figure swells to more than mortal size!

Streams of rapture roll along,

Silver notes ascend the skies:

Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song,

Oh catch it, ere it dies.

The Sybil speaks, the dream is o'er,

The holy harpings charm no more.

In vain she checks the God's controul;

His madding spirit fills her frame,

And moulds the features of her foul,

Breathing a prophetic flame.

The cavern frowns! its hundred mouths uncloset!

And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire flows.



## III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead!

Rites thy brown oaks would never dare

Ev'n whisper to the idle air ;

Rites that have chain'd old Ocean on his bed.

Shiver'd by thy piercing glance,

Pointless falls the hero's lance.

Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly, <sup>17</sup>

And mars the laureate wreath of victory.

Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string !

At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er :

While murky Night sails round on raven-wing,

Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar ;

Chas'd by the morn from Snowdon's awful brow,

Where late she sat and scowl'd on the black wave below.

H

## III. 2.

Lo, steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears!

The red-cross squadrons madly rage, 18

And mow thro' infancy and age;

Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.

Veiling from the eye of day,

Penance dreams her life away;

In cloister'd solitude she sits and sighs,

While from each shrine still, small responses rise.

Hear, with what heart-felt beat, the midnight bell

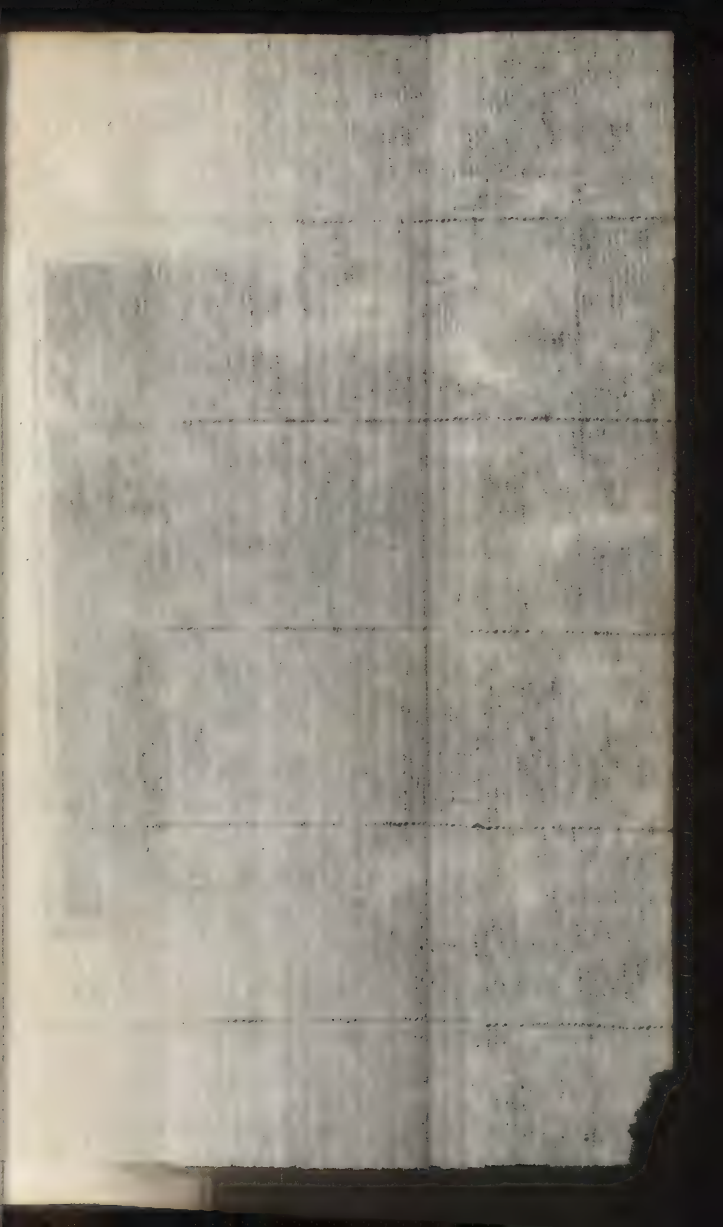
Swings its slow summons thro' the hollow pile!

The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,

To walk, with taper dim, the winding isle;

With choral chantings vainly to aspire,

Beyond this nether sphere, on Rapture's wing of fire.





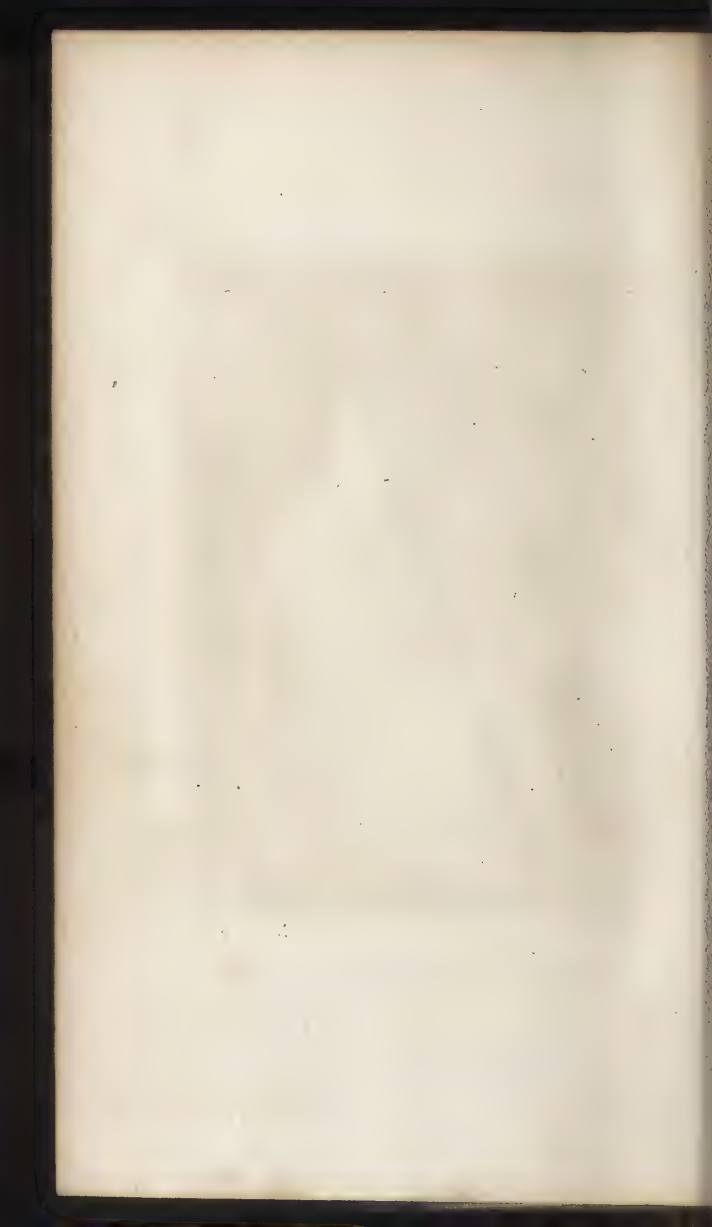


R. Weirall del.

J. Heath sculp.

*In desolate solitude she sits & sighs,  
While from each shrine still small responses rise !*

*Published May 29<sup>th</sup> 1793, by T. Cadell Strand.*



## III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,  
Hence, with the rack and reeking wheel.  
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball !  
While gleams of glory open round,  
And circling choirs of angels call,  
Can'st thou, with all thy terrors crown'd,  
Hope to obscure that latent spark,  
Destin'd to shine when suns are dark ?  
Thy triumphs cease ! thro' every land,  
Hark ! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs cease :  
Her heav'nly form, with glowing hand,  
Benignly points to piety and peace.  
Flush'd with youth, her looks impart  
Each fine feeling as it flows ;

Her voice the echo of her heart,  
Pure as the mountain-snows :  
Celestial transports round her play,  
And softly, sweetly die away.  
She smiles! and where is now the cloud  
That blacken'd o'er thy baleful reign?  
Grim Darknes furls his leaden shroud,  
Shrinking from her glance in vain.  
Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,  
And lo! it visits man with beams of light and love.

THE END.



N O T E S  
O N T H E  
O D E T O S U P E R S T I T I O N .

NOTE 1. Page 94.

*Thy touch, thy deadening touch, &c.*

An allusion to the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

NOTE 2. Page 94.

*When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,*

*Thou dartedst thy huge head from high—*

Humana ante oculos fœde cum vita jaceret

In terris oppressa gravi sub religione,

Quæ caput a cœli regionibus ostendebat,

Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans, &c.

LUCRETIUS, l. i. v. 63.

## NOTE 3. Page 95.

*The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer—*

When we were ready to set out, our host muttered some words in the ears of our cattle.

See a Voyage to the North of Europe in 1653.

## NOTE 4. Page 96.

*By thee inspir'd, on India's sands, &c.*

The Bramins voluntarily expose their bodies to the intense heat of the sun.

## NOTE 5. Page 96.

*His spirit laughs in agonies.*

Ridens moriar. The conclusion of an old Runic ode, preserved by Olaus Wormius.

## NOTE 6. Page 96.

*To die is to be blest.*

In the Bedas, or sacred writings of the Hindoos, is this passage: "She, who dies with her husband, shall live for ever with him in heaven."

## NOTE 7. Page 96.

*The Sisters sail in dusky state.*

The Fates of the Northern Mythology. See MALLET'S Antiquities.

## NOTE 8. Page 97.

*While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main—*

An allusion to the Second Sight.

## NOTE 9. Page 97.

*The statue, waking with immortal powers—*

See that fine description of the sudden animation of the Palladium in the second book of the *Æneid*.

## NOTE 10. Page 98.

*And bids the God of Thunders hail.*

The bull, Apis.

## NOTE 11. Page 98.

*Scaly monarch of the Nile!*

The Crocodile.

## NOTE 12. Page 98.

*But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee?*

So numerous were the Deities of Egypt, that, according to an ancient proverb, it was in that country less difficult to find a god than a man.

## NOTE 13. Page 98.

*Lock'd up in characters as dark as night.*

The Hieroglyphics.

## NOTE 14. Page 99.

*Those long, long labyrinths—*

The Catacombs, in which the bodies of the earliest generations yet remain without corruption, by virtue of the gums that embalmed them.

## NOTE 15. Page 99.

*On yon hoar summit, mildly bright—*

“The Persians,” says Herodotus, “reject the use of temples, altars, and statues. The tops of the highest mountains are the places chosen for sacrifices.” The elements, and more particularly Fire, were the objects of their religious reverence.

## NOTE 16. Page 99.

*But say, what sounds my ear invade—*

An imitation of some wonderful lines in the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

## NOTE 17. Page 101.

*Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly.*

See Tacitus, l. xiv. c. 29.

## NOTE 18. Page 102.

*The red-cross squadrons madly rage.*

This remarkable event happened at the siege and sack of Jerufalem, in the last year of the eleventh century, when the triumphant croises, after every enemy was subdued and slaughtered, immediately turned themselves, with the sentiments of humiliation and contrition, towards the holy sepulchre. They threw aside their arms, still streaming with blood : they advanced with reclined bodies, and naked feet and head, to that sacred monument : they sung anthems to their Saviour who had purchased their salvation by his death and agony : and their devotion, enlivened by the presence of the place where he had suffered, so overcame their fury,

that they dissolved in tears, and bore the appearance of every soft and tender sentiment.

HUME I. 221.



# THE SAILOR.

## AN ELEGY.

THE Sailor fights as finks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets blueely fade ;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,  
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah ! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight-view,  
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main ;  
This, the last wish with which its warmth could part,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or Eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave ;  
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;  
And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide;  
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!  
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!  
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;  
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,  
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

V E R S E S

O N A

T E A R.

OH! that the Chemists magic art  
Could crytallize this sacred treasure!  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from CHLOE's eye;  
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—  
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !  
In thee the rays of Virtue shine ;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul  
Who ever fly'ft to bring relief,  
When first she feels the rude controul  
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In every clime, in every age ;  
'Thou charm'ft in Fancy's idle dream,  
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law\* which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

\* The law of Gravitation.

A  
S K E T C H  
O F T H E  
A L P S A T D A Y - B R E A K .

**T**HE sun-beams streak the azure skies,  
And line with light the mountain's brow :  
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,  
And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,  
High on their iron poles they pass;  
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,  
Rend from above a frozen mass\*.

\* There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above. GRAY, fect. v. let. 4.

The goats wind flow their wonted way,  
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;  
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,  
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,  
And as the echoing cliffs reply,  
The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,  
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.



A

W I S H.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;  
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were giv'n,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heav'n.

A N

## ITALIAN SONG.

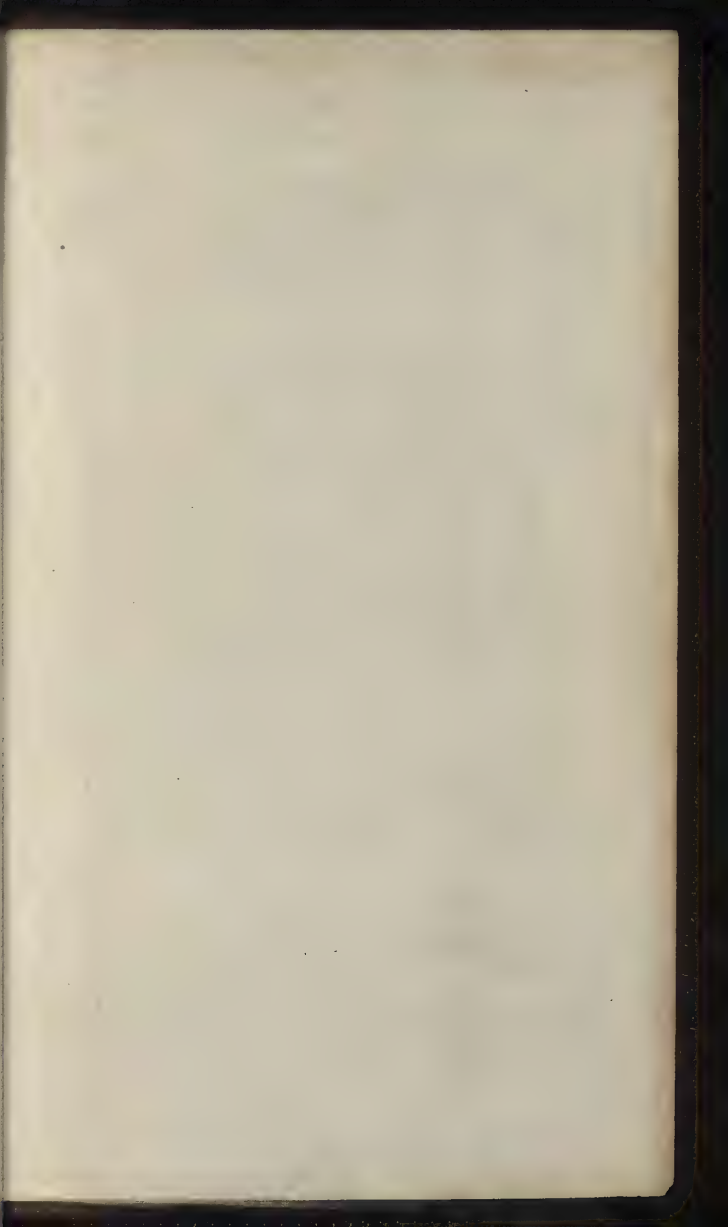
DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To every passing villager.  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

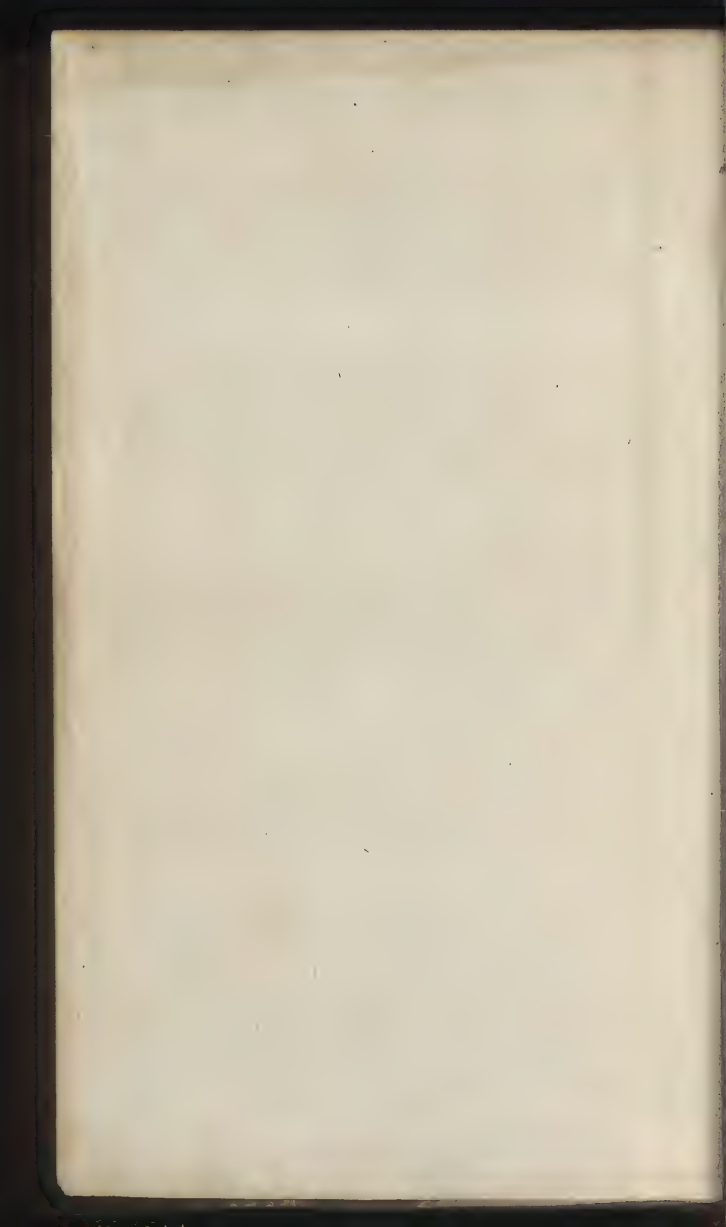
In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours  
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;

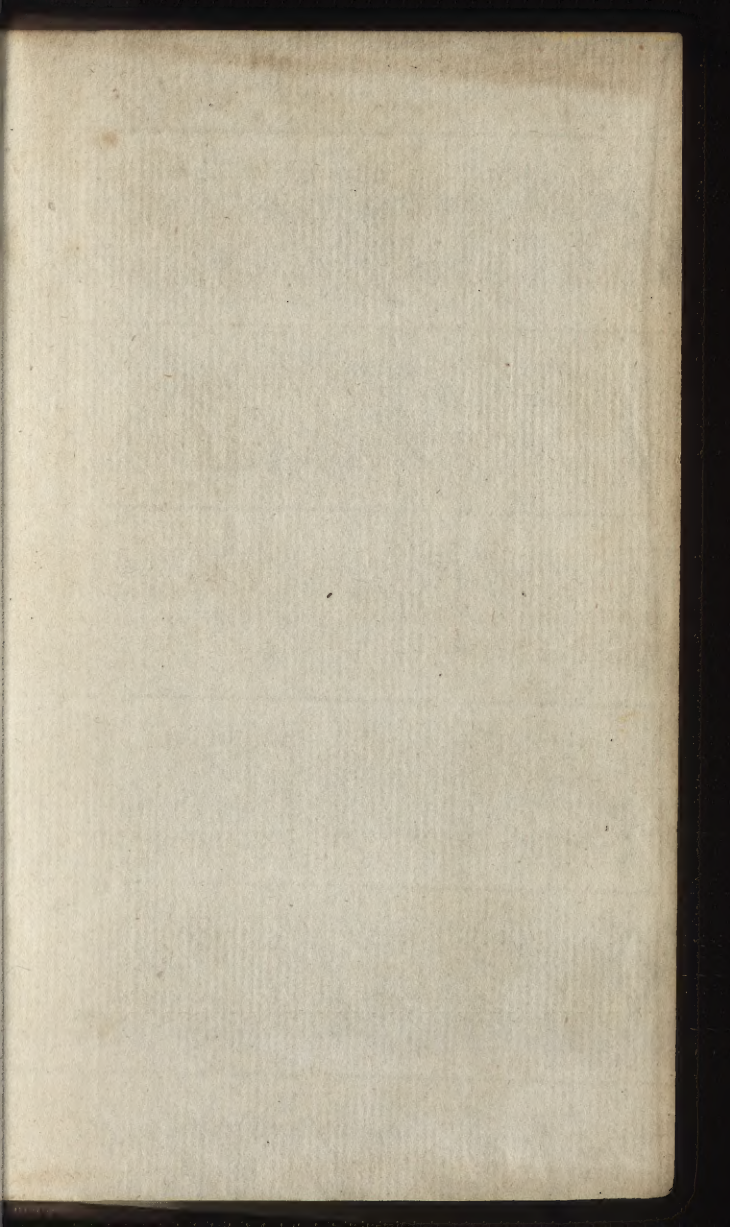
Or crowns of living laurel weave,  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,  
The canzonet and roundelay  
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE END.







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